

Horse Matters.

HORSES FOR FARMERS TO BREED.

The breeding of horses is getting to be a recognized branch of farming in this State, and one that, if intelligently followed, is as sure of proving remunerative as anything connected with the business of the farm. Nearly every farmer has one or more breeding mares, and they are always a source of profit if proper attention is paid to them. As it is at present, the demand for good horses is in excess of the supply, and the market is always short of desirable animals. They are therefore easy to sell, and of good style and breeding, always bring remunerative prices.

The great point is to raise an animal that will suit the market, and it is here that good judgment is required. In selecting the style of animal best calculated to meet the requirements of purchasers, the size, shape and breeding of the mare should be considered. If of good size and heavy build, well calculated for general draft purposes, a stallion should be selected that will still further add to these qualities in the offspring. It is on such a mare as this that the pure bred Clyde or Norman Percheron horse can be used advantageously, and with a reasonably certainty of getting a valuable animal.

If, on the other hand, the mare is of a light build, with the style and action that is desirable in the carriage or driving horse, a stallion should be selected that will still further increase these qualities in the foal. This style of horse is always in demand, and many attempt to breed it from ordinary general purpose mares by using some of the numerous mongrel stallions which travel through the State, and as a result meet with signal failure. The stallion used should always be better bred than the mare, and before using him the farmer should ascertain beyond doubt just what his breeding is. It is desirable to get a dash of thoroughbred blood in animals of this class, as it insures more style, and adds to the enduring qualities of the offspring. With this class of mares well bred trotting stallions make valuable crosses, as the colts, though they may not prove trotters, make fine carriage teams or single drivers, and are among the most salable animals that can be put into market. If, perchance, they should prove to have considerable speed, there is always a buyer ready to pay a high price for them. And right here we would say, no farmer, without he is a professional breeder of fast stock, should ever waste time in developing the speed of such colts. The best way is to sell him as soon as a good price can be secured, and leave his development to professional trainers. It will be found to pay best in the end, even if the colt should afterward prove to be a St. Julian or a Maid S. A thoroughbred stallion, if within reach, can always be used to great advantage, as the produce are generally symmetrical animals, with the high carriage, style and lasting qualities of the sire, and make very fine horses for the saddle or carriage. The thoroughbred is always sure to impress his characteristics upon his offspring, and as the representative of the highest style of horse known, he can be bred from with confidence that the produce will be sure to prove valuable.

In heavy draft horses, suitable for the lumbering districts or to meet the needs of truckmen in our large cities, this State is very deficient, and as a consequence Canada has for many years been relied upon to supply the deficiency. But that country has been completely cleared of this class of horses, and they are becoming scarce and more valuable with each succeeding year. The large number of fine draft stallions that have been brought into the State within the past five or six years should result in a change in this particular, and Michigan farmers should make an effort to breed such stock in sufficient number to at least meet the demands of their own State. To breed horses of this description large, strong built mares, either half or full blood Clydes, Percherons or Normans are necessary, and when once a farmer has made a start in this direction there is no class of horse that will bring in a better return for the money invested in them than this.

There is no necessity of saying anything about breeding thoroughbreds or trotting stock under this head, for it can never be a success except in a regular breeding establishment for the purpose, and requires a large expenditure of both time and money. But the other classes referred to can readily be played an important part in the economy of the farm, and will return a good interest on money invested in them.

The Coming King of the Turf.

Among the extensive and somewhat noted collection of trotters now in the course of training under Mr. M. Goodin's management at Belmont Park is an attractive and well shaped gelding named Felton, the property of Mr. Charles Wister, of Germantown. Entering Mr. Goodin's stable as a comparatively green horse the animal soon showed an aptitude to trot very fast, and being cleverly guided Mr. Goodin at once took especial interest in the little trotter's future. He received a moderate amount of jogging at first, and afterwards, at intervals, would be sent along at a lively pace. The horse exhibited rapid improvement, and in his first attempt to trot a mile, with Mr. Goodin, Jr., manipulating the ribbons, he went from wire to wire in 2:30, without any apparent exertion. Upon subsequent occasions, and in the presence of Mr. Wister and other prominent gentlemen, he has displayed his remarkable abilities at short distance, such as quarters in 33 and 33 seconds, one-half miles from 1:04 to 1:09. Very rarely he was given a mile, but, at the request of his owner, he trotted upon one occasion the full extent of Belmont, without a skip or break, in 2:22.

A few days ago, Mr. Wister, in one of his casual visits, desired to see his little wonder, driven a quarter or half a mile, and in the presence of Councilman John T. Strickland and other gentlemen, who

held watches over the performance, Mr. Goodin, Jr., drove him from the judges' stand to the quarter-mile pole in 29½ seconds, 1:58 gal. While not in any sense a record, the performance cannot fail to be remembered as the greatest that has ever been accomplished by any trotter in the world, seven years old.

Felton is fifteen hands and a half inch high, and was bred and raised in the vicinity of Dover, Delaware. His sire was a horse called Hunter, who was killed on account of his vicious habits. Felton was purchased by Mr. Wister, about a year ago, for the sum, it is said, of \$1,100.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, writing from Paris recently, says: "After having traveled over a very large portion of France, we have secured some very choice Norman-Percheron stallions. This breed of horses are advancing in value very fast, and it is only a question of time when they can be taken to America and made to yield a profit. The Americans commenced buying in Paris, and in a very few years they could not buy and ship at any profit, so they resorted to the breeding districts, where now all are bought up and at greater prices than were ever given in Paris. As they have gone to the fountain head and the excitement is growing to fever heat, time will bring the climax in the near future, and the Frenchmen will never understand the cause of the decline of the American trade."

Farm Matters.

Use of Lime as a Fertilizer.

The New York Times remarks as follows upon the chemical and agricultural properties of lime, and shows in what manner it is valuable to the growing crops and to the land to which it is applied: "Lime is the most conspicuously active substance known to the farmer in this operating upon inert matter in the soil, and it is directly a most important constituent of all plants to a very large extent. It enters more largely into vegetable substances than potash, although potash is considered an indispensable constituent of every fertilizer, whether it be natural or artificial. But lime is universally diffused, and exists plentifully in almost every soil. It is, therefore, not so much as a direct plant food that it is used by farmers, but as an agent for preparing other matter for use as a plant food and making it available for the crops."

"Lime in nature is found chiefly in combination with carbonic acid, as limestone and marble, which are carbonates of lime, and with sulphuric acid, as gypsum or the common plaster, which is sulphate of lime. Lime, however, is procured only from the former, because the carbonic acid is easily separated by heat, when the lime becomes caustic or of an acid and burning nature. In this caustic condition only it is of any use in agriculture to any practical extent, because when in this condition its avidity for carbonic acid and its eagerness to combine with it again and form the stable and permanent carbonate is so strong and active that the chemical action resulting from the union produces destructive decomposition of any organic matter with which the lime comes in contact. This destructive and corrosive action is increased by a similar avidity and eagerness for water, with which lime combines in proportion of nearly three parts of lime to one of water. It is these peculiarities of lime which give it its special value in agriculture."

"Limestone consists of 56 per cent. of lime and 44 per cent. of carbonic acid. The stone burned in kilns is deprived of its carbonic acid, loses nine-tenths of its weight, and becomes the hot, acid, alkaline substance which we know as lime. The lime, however, is not a simple substance, but is an oxide of a metal called calcium, which is light yellow in color, almost as soft and as malleable as lead, melts at as low a heat as lead, and oxidizes or rusts in the air with such rapidity as to be practically useless, and then forms lime. Fresh burned lime will absorb and unite with one-third its weight of water without appearing the least moist, and in thus combining produces violent heat sufficient to inflame wood, and falls to a fine powder, swelling to three times its original bulk. This powder is hydrate of lime, or caustic or quick lime. It may be necessary to state these particulars, because at the present time interested parties are making erroneous and misleading statements in regard to lime and its properties, for the purpose of inducing farmers to purchase ground limestone for fertilizing uses, for which raw limestone can be of very little, if any, value, for reasons which will be obvious when the above facts are considered."

"The value of limestone in the soil must necessarily, at the best, be very inferior to that of lime, because of its complete inertness and inability to act upon the mineral or organic particles of the soil. Its sole effect, if any, can only be exerted by its solution in water and its absorption by the roots of the plants as so much food. But there is no other mineral so widely diffused through the soil as carbonate of lime or limestone, and it is questionable if any farmer can afford to pay out money for a substance with which his soil is so well supplied that the water of the springs and streams is saturated with it, as has been explained above. But caustic lime is of the greatest value in the soil. It rapidly decomposes organic matter, separates the nitrogen from it, and causes very effective nitrification; it makes the other elements soluble and available as plant food, and supplies in itself a needed food for plants. It also has a very energetic action upon the mineral elements of the soil; it makes the limestone (the almost insoluble carbonate of lime) itself more soluble; it separates potash from clay and sand, in which it exists as a silicate, and sets this useful element free for plant food. It loosens the texture of heavy clays and binds together the loose sands and thus improves both of these soils and makes them more easily and effectively worked. Of such varied and effective value is lime to the farmer.

"The methods of using lime are two,

and in each of these it is indispensable. One of these is by a direct application to the soil by top-dressing, and the other is in composts. When lime is to be spread upon the soil it is first slacked. This is effected by causing it to absorb water in the extent above mentioned, when it becomes a fine powder or dust. It is then evenly spread over the soil by means of a shovel. The quantity used varies from 10 to 40 or 50 bushels per acre. Opinions vary as to the propriety of using the smaller dressing every year for four years at each plowing, or the larger one when the ground is plowed for wheat and seeded to grass and clover, and not again until the usual rotation is concluded and wheat comes around again. The latter is the usual method, and is the most convenient and least laborious. The method of application is as follows: When the land has been plowed and harrowed the first time, the manure is spread and covered with a light furrow; the lime, previously slacked, is spread upon the field as evenly as possible from a wagon and with a long-handled shovel. By casting the lime 16 feet on each side of the wagon a strip 20 rods wide is spread, and a length of 80 rods will make up an acre, upon which a full load of 40 bushels should be spread. But dry-slacked lime is three times as bulky as fresh stone lime, and a wagon box holding 40 bushels should therefore be spread over a length of 27 rods, or 150 yards, to be equal to 40 bushels of fresh lime per acre. A dressing of this quantity will leave the ground evenly covered with a light dusting and whitened as if by a light flurry of snow, without depth that can be measured, so that one may very easily gauge the quantity spread, by the eye and by the above computation after a very little experience. Lime is of the greatest value in composts. Pure swamp mud contains from two to four per cent. of nitrogen, which, if it were available, would make it worth from \$10 to \$20 a ton, equivalent to a value of many thousands of dollars for an acre of muck two or three feet deep. If this inchoate but inherent value of the muck can ever be made available, it must be done by the aid of lime in the compost heap, and a ton or 40 cubic feet of the muck, composted with four or five bushels of fine air-slacked lime, with a little stable manure as leaven to start the fermentation, might possibly be made worth the sum stated. The nitrogen is there. Of that there is no doubt. And it can be reached and made available by the slow oxidation in the soil in due lapse of time, and lime is the most active agent we know of for the nitrification of organic matter containing inert and undeveloped nitrogen. The labor alone is required to bring the agent and the subject together and get out the potential value of the raw material."

A Dairying Correspondent. A writer in the *N. Y. Times* asks: "What does a pound of butter cost?" and then descends on the subject as follows: "What dairyman can give a precise answer to this question? If we should put it in this way, what ought a pound of butter to cost? we should present a poser not only to the dairyman, but to all the agricultural experiment stations now existing or in embryo. But these are very pertinent questions, because it is in the choice and use of the feed that profit or loss, and who can say which food and which method of feeding it produce the most favorable results? I have been feeding cows experimentally for years, and although I have made up my mind which foods and which methods are the best for me, I could not say positively that one or the other would be best for another dairyman. The most costly food for a cow is hay and corn meal and wheat middlings. With hay at one cent a pound and corn and middlings at 1½ cents, it will cost to feed a cow 15 cents for hay, and 7½ cents for meal, per day—in all, 22½ cents. A cow that will make 250 pounds of butter in a year will cost at least \$60. She will repay her own cost in calves and her carcass when twelve years old; so that to pay for her feed will cost \$81 yearly, if it is purchased, and if it is provided by the farm it comes to the same end, for the feed might be sold; and against this there is 250 pounds of butter, worth, at the market price for the best quality, about \$50 net. Now, what should this butter cost? If the cow is at pasture for six months of the year, the pasture will be worth, at \$60 an acre for the land and four acres to the cow, in interest alone, \$84; taxes will add at least \$2 more to that, and the cost of the grass will be at least \$2 an acre more; so that, with the winter feeding, the cost in all will be \$59.90, and the skimmed milk and manure may pay for the labor. Then, can a pound of butter be made for less than 25 cents? and if not, the dairyman is not likely to be troubled about the high price of 4 per cent. But what of the dairyman whose cows will make but 150 pounds of butter in a year, and whose butter causes the most trouble to the commission man to turn upward? How do they live and how much do they earn per day?"

A Canadian Beet Sugar Factory.

The Toronto Globe describes a beet sugar factory located at Berthier, on the St. Lawrence River in the Province of Quebec: "The beet sugar factory is perhaps a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town, close to the branch railway. It is in course of erection, and when completed will be a handsome and substantial looking structure, being built of grey, slate colored stone. Like the West Pansham factory it is complete in a single building. It is 222 in length by 93 feet in width in the centre, and 134 in width at the two wings. It will be three stories in height. The machinery, most of which has been specially constructed for the Union at the foundry of Fives-Lille & Co., at Lille, France, cost about \$100,000, and its capacity is estimated at 200 tons of beets per day. It is claimed, of course, that this machinery is a good deal superior to that being put in at the other factories, and that the variations in the process introduced are great improvements upon other systems in vogue. But these are points upon which experts would, no doubt, differ, and can only be decided by the practical working of the respective

Agricultural Items.

A CLOVER field is the place to pasture hogs. They come up in the fall in good prime condition for getting lawed-in with corn.

Mr. HARRIS LEWIS, examining one of a sample of milk drawn from an unclean udder by a dirty man in a foul stable, remarked that there was a little too much manure to be called pure milk, and not quite enough for a good fertilizer.

A NEW scheme is being worked out on the farms in the vicinity of Pontiac, Ill. Groceries are offered at very low rates and farmers are induced to give orders for \$50 or \$100 worth, which orders turn up next in the form of notes of hand. It is known that the frauds in this one place have aggregated nearly \$3,000.

ONE of the obstacles to improved farming is the amount of land needlessly wasted, even on the best farms, by stone-heaps, bushes and weeds. The stones are not often gathered into unsightly heaps in the fields, or thrown into the corners of the fences. Perhaps the best use to which they can be put is to use them for a foundation for roadbeds, they can also be buried under-drains or in holes made for that purpose.

A WESTERN agricultural paper recommends the culture of broom corn, which it predicts

establishments. One point of divergence between the system of diffusion—i. e., extraction of the juice—here and that adopted at the other factories is that cold water forced in by hydraulic pressure is to be used for the purpose instead of steam. As at the Costello factory, the bone charcoal required will be manufactured on the spot. It is hoped that everything will be in readiness on or about the 1st of October, when operations should commence. The factory will be run altogether by steam power, and will give employment to 150 persons. It will run day and night without intermission during the season. The beets and other raw material will be conveyed from the railway to the factory by a small, narrow gauge railway. The construction and operation of the factory is entirely under the management of old country Frenchmen. The manager is M. Palyart, recently from France, and the assistant-manager, and chief contractor, are all of the same nationality. A number of the employees are also from France. The total cost of the building and machinery when completed is estimated at between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

"As a condition precedent to the erection of the factory the Union secured contracts for the raising of one thousand acres of sugar beets for twelve years in the parish and neighborhood, the price paid to be \$4 per ton of 2,000 pounds, delivered at the factory. The average amount grown by those farmers who have entered into contracts is three or four acres each. As in the other beet-growing neighborhoods, there is great diversity of opinion as to the success of the growing crops, and as to the ultimate probabilities of success. Some who have sowed their beets early enough and attended to them well will have good crops, but the frost and drought have made havoc with those that were put in late. It is feared that there is a good deal of discouragement among the farmers on the subject, and that there may be some difficulty in inducing them to fill their contracts next year. I am inclined to the opinion, from all I have seen and heard during my visit to the beet factories and the localities where beets are being raised, that there is only one way in which the beet sugar problem can be satisfactorily solved and that is in the manner contemplated by the Costello company, namely, by the factories growing their own beets. As has been pointed out, the successful culture of beets involves such a radical change in the industrial habits and methods of Quebec farmers that they are not likely to persevere in it, especially in the case of failure and discouragement. True, the moral effect of a number of law suits for non-performance by any of the companies would be disastrous to the enterprise. Not only would it alienate the popular sympathy now enlisted in favor of the enterprise, but it would go very far to produce a general impression that beets cannot be grown remuneratively in the province. 'If beet growing pays so handsomely,' it would be argued, 'why do the manufacturers have to invoke the law to compel the farmers to grow them?' And to the popular mind nothing could more surely demonstrate the failure of the entire project. But even supposing that under a threat of legal proceedings the farmers again put in the specified acreage of beets, cultivating them in a perfunctory manner and raising poor crops, the company would be little better off; the supply would be short and those under contract would be more over than ever to take any stock in the sugar beet. Finally then it is not by seeking to enforce the letter of the contracts that the companies are going to save themselves. Their great object is to retain the good will of the public, and establish the fact if they can, that beets can be cultivated remuneratively, and then, so far as they are concerned, they can get along independent of contracts, unless the farmers insist on them as a means of drawing a market at a fixed price. The way to do this is by a practical illustration on a large scale that by proper methods and careful attention at every stage of growth good crops of beets can be secured. Until this is done it is not likely that beet growing will be entered upon except by those already under contract. The three companies who are now erecting factories will have sunk fully three-quarters of a million in the experiment by the time they are ready to commence operations—and the investment of so large an amount is a guarantee that the question of the practicability of raising beets will be tested by every means before the project is abandoned. That the companies will before long have to grow the main portion of the beet supply for themselves, temporarily at any rate, may be regarded as almost a foregone conclusion. Upon their success in so doing, and not upon the season's experience or the willingness of the farmers to try it again, will depend the question of whether the beet sugar industry is to be permanently naturalized amongst us."

Solid Wisdom. Fanny Field snaps up the agricultural editor of a leading weekly with less respect than you say, saying: "While I am talking I cannot help commenting upon the following from the New York Tribune: 'Never keep a cock over one year on the same range, no matter how fine a bird he may be, or if the cock is kept then the hens must be changed if a healthy, good laying flock is desired. Never keep any young cock that may be hatched from your own eggs. Never get a supply of cocks and hens from the same person; get the hens from one yard and the cocks from another.'"

"Now there is wisdom in solid chunks! Just about the kind of wisdom one would expect to find in the 'agricultural department' of a political paper. Change cocks or hens every year! Change your head every year until you get one with more good horse sense in it! There is a good deal of nonsense written about the 'danger of close breeding.' 'The deteriorating process of in-breeding' among fowls and lambs, and farmers are continually urged to 'change cocks every year'; but if this in-breeding among fowls is such a 'deteriorating process,' how does it happen that where fowls have been in-bred, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, sons and mothers, over and over again for a score of years without any accession of fresh blood, unless perhaps by chance, the fowls are as good on an average as they were twenty years ago? I don't recommend or practice any such haphazard style of in-breeding, but when I hear farmers advised to change cocks every year I feel like throwing that conundrum at the adviser's head. Every third year is often enough to introduce a new rooster to your flock. We will suppose that you purchased a thoroughbred cock last spring and mated him with your best hens; next season you may breed your best pullets of this season's hatch back to their sire, and you needn't worry about the 'deteriorating process' either. The third year get a new cock that is not closely related to your hens, and your flock of fowls will be all right."

An Idea.

And a very sound one too, many have, that dosing with quinine is harmful. Eminent medical authorities condemn it, and experience has proven its use to be entirely unnecessary; for that infallible Ague Cure and Antiperiodic INGRAM'S AGUE PILLS, a never failing remedy for all Malarial Diseases. They are the only reliable substitute known for Quinine, and the only Ague Medicine that a druggist will warrant to cure. 75 Pills in a box. 50

will, at no distant day, entirely revolutionize the bread stuff supply of the world. It declares that by a newly invented process a fine and most delicious flour can be made from the seeds to the extent of one-half its own weight, leaving the other half as a valuable food for stock. According to its estimates, 200 bushels of broom corn seed is a fair average crop per acre, beside the stover. We fear that this is a cereal story, largely a work of the imagination.

The result of experiments with various fertilizers on plots planted to corn on Houghton Farm, in Orange County, N. Y., is briefly summed up as follows: "On the plot having an application of 40 loads of barnyard manure per acre, and Professor Miles says it was an average quality—we find the corn at least three times as high and more vigorous in all respects than that upon the unmanured plot; in short, the difference between the corn on the fully manured—that is to say, barnyard manured—plots and those which had received the artificial fertilizers was greater than that between those that had received the artificial fertilizers and the corn upon the plot that had received no manuring of any kind. Furthermore, the difference between the plots which had received the various artificial fertilizers and their combinations was not at all great. At present there is no great difference of opinion as to the value of the nitrate of soda; or that having the potash and that having either nitrate of soda, or superphosphate, or the plot having both, or all the commercial fertilizers. Again, when we come to the plot which had received one-half of the full manuring, or barnyard manure (20 loads), and the application of the 'compound mineral' manures as they are called, the increase of growth was particularly striking; that is, the corn upon the plot was larger than that upon any of the others save one, and that one was the plot which had received the 40 loads of barnyard manure per acre."

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The Poultry Yard.

Faded Combs in Poultry.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "The comb is a sure index of the state of the fowl's health. The Spanish and Leghorn frequently have immense combs. I have seen cocks of both breeds where the comb from the base to the tip of the extreme point has stood fully three inches. In a symmetrical bird the wattles should be correspondingly long. The comb will not grow to full size unless well kept. These combs and wattles are filled with blood, and are of brilliant scarlet when in condition and perfect health. Any disarrangement of the internal organs is indicated immediately by the comb. At first it will become vermilion, then paler still, if the cause be not removed, until it is nearly blanched and becomes limp. It should be borne in mind, however, that the hen's combs are never so large when not in laying."

"With the cock's comb never fades after once attaining its full color and growth, unless out of order. There should never be undue haste in driving the fowls to the block on the first appearance of faded combs. Many times the cause may be removed entirely. Where a thorough knowledge of the habits and symptoms is possessed, some simple remedy applied in time is of great benefit. Very suddenly this summer my laying hens ceased producing the eggs, and showed faded, wilted combs. They were in confinement. Upon examination I found their perches gathering vermin. I immediately whitewashed every crack and crevice, covering the whole, thus eradicated the enemy, gave them more air, and they soon recovered and commenced laying again. Fowls not in health will not lay."

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The Poultry Yard.

Faded Combs in Poultry.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "The comb is a sure index of the state of the fowl's health. The Spanish and Leghorn frequently have immense combs. I have seen cocks of both breeds where the comb from the base to the tip of the extreme point has stood fully three inches. In a symmetrical bird the wattles should be correspondingly long. The comb will not grow to full size unless well kept. These combs and wattles are filled with blood, and are of brilliant scarlet when in condition and perfect health. Any disarrangement of the internal organs is indicated immediately by the comb. At first it will become vermilion, then paler still, if the cause be not removed, until it is nearly blanched and becomes limp. It should be borne in mind, however, that the hen's combs are never so large when not in laying."

"With the cock's comb never fades after once attaining its full color and growth, unless out of order. There should never be undue haste in driving the fowls to the block on the first appearance of faded combs. Many times the cause may be removed entirely. Where a thorough knowledge of the habits and symptoms is possessed, some simple remedy applied in time is of great benefit. Very suddenly this summer my laying hens ceased producing the eggs, and showed faded, wilted combs. They were in confinement. Upon examination I found their perches gathering vermin. I immediately whitewashed every crack and crevice, covering the whole, thus eradicated the enemy, gave them more air, and they soon recovered and commenced laying again. Fowls not in health will not lay."

Solid Wisdom.

Fanny Field snaps up the agricultural editor of a leading weekly with less respect than you say, saying: "While I am talking I cannot help commenting upon the following from the New York Tribune: 'Never keep a cock over one year on the same range, no matter how fine a bird he may be, or if the cock is kept then the hens must be changed if a healthy, good laying flock is desired. Never keep any young cock that may be hatched from your own eggs. Never get a supply of cocks and hens from the same person; get the hens from one yard and the cocks from another.'"

"Now there is wisdom in solid chunks! Just about the kind of wisdom one would expect to find in the 'agricultural department' of a political paper. Change cocks or hens every year! Change your head every year until you get one with more good horse sense in it! There is a good deal of nonsense written about the 'danger of close breeding.' 'The deteriorating process of in-breeding' among fowls and lambs, and farmers are continually urged to 'change cocks every year'; but if this in-breeding among fowls is such a 'deteriorating process,' how does it happen that where fowls have been in-bred, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, sons and mothers, over and over again for a score of years without any accession of fresh blood, unless perhaps by chance, the fowls are as good on an average as they were twenty years ago? I don't recommend or practice any such haphazard style of in-breeding, but when I hear farmers advised to change cocks every year I feel like throwing that conundrum at the adviser's head. Every third year is often enough to introduce a new rooster to your flock. We will suppose that you purchased a thoroughbred cock last spring and mated him with your best hens; next season you may breed your best pullets of this season's hatch back to their sire, and you needn't worry about the 'deteriorating process' either. The third year get a new cock that is not closely related to your hens, and your flock of fowls will be all right."

An Idea.

And a very sound one too, many have, that dosing with quinine is harmful. Eminent medical authorities condemn it, and experience has proven its use to be entirely unnecessary; for that infallible Ague Cure and Antiperiodic INGRAM'S AGUE PILLS, a never failing remedy for all Malarial Diseases. They are the only reliable substitute known for Quinine, and the only Ague Medicine that a druggist will warrant to cure. 75 Pills in a box. 50

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TOAL HORSE OWNERS COMBATS' CAUSTIC BALSAM

THE GREAT FRENCH VETERINARY REMEDY

Prepared by J. E. Gombault, ex-Veterinary Surgeon of the French Government.

A Speedy, Positive and Safe Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, Mange, Thrush, All Inflammations, All Throat Difficulties, All Swellings or Ulcers, and the Lameness from Spavins, Ringbone and other Bony Tumors.

It is far superior to a blister or cauterization in its beneficial effects, leaves no scar, and is as convenient as a liniment.

Caustic Balsam has been a standard veterinary remedy in France and Germany for over twenty years, and many of the best veterinarians and horse men of America have recently tested it with unflinching success.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, charges paid, with full directions for its use, by

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Fenians.
last over 30,000 grangers from
Maryland, Virginia and Penn-
sylvania, and a grand picnic at Williams
burg, Va.
at Silver Lake, Wisconsin,
lightning last week, and entire-
ly destroyed the building, and
the loss is said to be \$50,000,
and only \$3,500.
explored in Jones & Cham-
berlain house, Front street, New
York, demolishing the building,
and to be killed.
This sanitary settlement, for it may truly
be so called, was erected by Mr. Alfred T.
White, of Brooklyn, and is the first at-
tempt in this section at improved dwell-
ings for the laboring classes, on plans
similar to those so successfully used in
London and other English cities.
The "Tower" buildings are really im-
posing in appearance, composed of fine
red brick, and showing a front of over
100 feet, varied and made ornamental by
gracefully arched balconies, broad flower-
sills with iron crestings, and open, bal-
conied towers rising from ground to
roof.
The "Home Buildings" are also fine
structures, but of a more severe style of
architecture; both are composed of six,
five, four and three-room dwellings.
Every family has its dwelling entirely
private and apart from, and with no room
opening into another, each room having
the great advantage of direct sunlight.
This is attained by the comparatively shal-
low depth of the building of 33 feet and 4
inches, increased at regular intervals, at
the back, by the towers containing the
sculleries and water conveniences.
The living room of each apartment is
large and sunny, and provided with closets
and dresser; a door leads from this room
to the extension, which is 7½ by 5 feet,
and contains an ash flue, a sink, a station-
ary wash-tub, a window, and water-closet
with separate outside window.
The ash flue, one foot square and ven-
tilated at the top, discharges the ashes into
an ash room in the rear of the cellars be-
low. All these conveniences are strictly
private; in fact, cannot be reached except
through the dwelling to which they belong.
The water supply is ample, and is car-
ried also into the living-room. This room
in the three-roomed sections is provided
with an alcove for a bed; there is beside a
regular bed-room with large windows. In
the four roomed apartments there are two
bed-rooms, a living-room, and a scullery.
On a recent visit to one of these tower
buildings I was particularly struck by the
effect, not only of superior construction,
but of superior management; without the
later the last arranged tenement would
rapidly become a scene of disorder and de-
cay.
The "Tower" and "Home" buildings
are under the direct supervision of an
agent, in this case a refined, judicious,
resolute, but kindly gentleman. His du-
ties are manifold; he is at once the lawyer,
doctor, and spiritual adviser, in fact the
"guide, philosopher, and friend" of the
whole establishment. To him all manner
of troubles are brought for settlement.
The code of regulations by which these
habitations are governed is not harsh or
unreasonable, but just such as is absolute-
ly necessary for the maintenance of health
and order.
At the time of my call, at eleven in the
morning, the whole building presented an
aspect of refreshing cleanliness. Not a
speck of dust or soil could be seen on floor
or stairway, or in the long slate balconies,
or on the hard finished walls; there was
also a complete absence of smells of all
kinds, notwithstanding dinner was in
various stages of progress in the neat sun-
shiny kitchens.
The agent accompanied me, and where-
ever we applied we were politely invited
to enter. I shall not soon forget the scenes
of orderly comfort in these pretty apart-
ments. In one three-roomed dwelling we
found a young mother rocking her baby to
sleep, while her little girl washed the
dishes in the scullery beyond. The hissing
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square of shining zinc laid before it, the
bird trilling merrily in the vine and
flower-wreathed window, made a charm-
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In a four-roomed dwelling a young ma-
tron showed us into her parlor and best
bed-chamber; both rooms were covered
with handsome Brussels carpeting and well
furnished; pictures hung on the walls, gay
tadles covered sofa and chairs, while the
broad flower-sill flamed with scarlet ger-
aniums and lady-slippers.
And so on, from room to room, every-
where neatness, sunshine, pure air, flowers
and cheerful faces. What a contrast to the
foul, dark, misery laden tenements of New
York.
And now as to the outdoor comforts.
All the windows in the rear look out on a
large square beautified by grass plats and
trees, and furnished with clothes posts and
galvanized lines. In one corner is a play
ground with swings, in another a pilot set
apart for children to dig, build forts, and,
in fact, follow their own childish fancies;
this corner is, however, cleaned daily, and
the little ones are ready the next morning
to begin again the work of turning it up-
side down.
Underneath the buildings are immense
cemented cellars divided into compart-
ments for the use of different families.
An unusual luxury is furnished to the
boys in the shape of a large bath in one
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Forty-eight years later (1878) it was es-
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nearly five fold.

Dwellings for Workmen.
Food and Health thus describes the im-
proved dwellings for workmen erected
in Brooklyn by Alfred T. White:
In the Sixth Ward we shall find, in ad-
dition to the ordinary brick houses of this
thickly settled locality, two distinct classes
of dwellings, the one comprising the home
and "tower" buildings, the other the six-
room and nine-room cottages of Warren
Place.
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Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its
youthful color and lustre by the use of Par-
ker's Hair Balm, an elegant dressing,
admirable for its purity and rich perfume.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & Co.,
An Invitation.
We extend a cordial invitation to our out-
of town friends to call and look through
our new store when in Detroit.
We have a handsome store, and
An Elegant Stock of Goods
And have added many New Departments,
and we want you to call and get familiar
with them, whether you wish to buy or
not. You are heartily welcome.
Reception and Toilet Rooms fitted up on
the Millinery (2nd) floor, where you can
rest and refresh yourself. Toilet rooms
on every floor.
Call in and lay aside your satchel or
wraps, they will be well taken care of, and
make yourself at home. View our store
and goods at your leisure, and if you find
anything you need, it will be checked and
delivered to you on the train, free of
charge.
In order to clean up stock, and find out
how we stand, preparatory to buying a
new and immense stock for the fall trade,
we have commenced to make
Sweeping Reductions in Prices,
Specially in our Carpet Department, to
which we call special attention.
A LINE OF TAPESTRY BRUSSELS
Down to **75 cts.** per yard.
NEW DESIGNS.
Our prices on everything we sell are
as low as any one's and none but honest
goods sold.
NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & Co.,
Ferry Building, Woodward Avenue,
DETROIT, MICH.

Important Public Sale
OF CHOICE-BRED
SHORT HORNS,
— AT —
DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.,
— ON —
Tuesday, September 20th, 1881.
The subscribers announce that at the time and
place above named they will sell at public sale
very superior lot of Shorthorn cattle, consisting of
BULLS AND BULL CALVES,
COWS AND HEIFERS IN CALF,
all bred by themselves, and in the best breeding
condition. They will be of the following families:
PRINCESS (Red Rose, Lady Sale and Tuberoso);
GUYNE, VELUM, ANNABELLA, ARA-
BELLA, DULCIBELLA, AGATHA
and FANSY.
About thirty heads of stock are offered for
sale have bred a calf within a year, and are safe in
calf again, and all the heifers that are old enough
to breed are in calf.
This is not a closing out sale, but we will
sell from every family we have, and of all ages, to
show class of stock we are breeding.
Special attention is called to the fine young Princess
bull and Red Rose Duke cow, calving February 21st,
1882, which will be included in the sale, and should
go with the head of choice herd.
Catalogues, giving full particulars, low ready,
and will be sent on application to
CHAS. PARSONS, Jr.,
Conway, Mass.
or **STEPHEN HAYWARD,**
Cunningham, Mass.
Address after September 12th until notice of sale:
Transit House, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.
sept-2w

Walter Brown & Co.,
WOOL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
BOSTON, MASS.
Refer to E. R. Mudge, Sawyer & Co., Parker,
Wilder & Co., National Bank of North America.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Represented by
W. E. GOWDY,
515 State St., Detroit.
sept-2w

FARM WANTED.
Wanted to rent with the view of purchasing a good
farm from 100 to 200 acres, suitable for wheat growing
and choice stock raising, must be well watered.
Will pay either cash or rent on shares. Southwest-
ern Michigan or Western Ohio preferred.
Apply in first instance to
W. ROBERTSON,
Stoney Point, Ont.
sept-2w

KENTUCKY
Blue Grass Seed.
Farmers and Dealers in Seeds can procure pure
Kentucky Blue Grass Seed, by sending orders to
O. A. GILMAN, Paris, Ky.
Samples of Cleaned, Extra Cleaned and
Fancy sent on application. sept-2w

THE WILLIAMS
Fruit Evaporator.
We guarantee our evaporators, and we never fail to
do more than we guarantee. Our Evaporators
are on their merits. The products of our Evapora-
tors sold first and at better prices than any other
known process in the market.
For information write to any of the first class
fruit dealers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia
and Chicago.
For Particulars, send for Circulars to
JOHN WILLIAMS & SON,
Patentees and Manufacturers,
Kalamazoo, Mich.
AGENTS WANTED. For the best and fastest
selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices re-
duced 33 per cent. National Publishing Company,
Philadelphia, Pa. sept-2w

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our Fall Announcement!
We open the Fall and Winter Season stimulated and encouraged by the great suc-
cess of the season just passed, and while thanking the public generally for the liberal
patronage and support given us, respectfully invite their inspection of the magnificent
stock of Fall and Winter
Clothing, Hats, Caps & Furnishing Goods,
With which our many Counters and Shelves are Loaded.
Our large and elegant store is always a pleasant place to visit, and visitors are always
cordially welcomed and courteously entertained. Those favoring us, will find
Our Men's Clothing Department, fully stocked with the choicest garments.
Our Youth's Clothing Department filled with new and stylish suits and overcoats.
Our Boy's Clothing Department, a grand repository of Handsome School and
Dress suits for the boys.
Our Children's Clothing Department, a beautiful boudoir where ladies can lei-
surely inspect the elegant garments.
Our Hat and Cap Department is filled with an endless variety of Hats and Caps.
Our Furnishing Goods Department, offering the latest and most popular goods in
this line.
Our Custom Tailoring Department, exhibiting the choicest foreign and domestic
fabrics in suitings and overcoatings.
Our Custom Shirt Department, presided over by Mr. A. K. SWEET, widely
known as one of the best shirt cutters in this country.
Our Goods and our Workmanship are First Class.
Our Stock is very Large and Complete.
Our Prices are very Moderate.
J. L. HUDSON, Clothier,
Detroit Opera House Building,
TEXAS
ARKANSAS AND LOUISIANA.
CHEAP HOMES FOR ALL!
50,000 Laborers can get immediate employment, at Good Wages,
on Farms and Railroads in Texas alone.
THE SOUTH-WESTERN IMMIGRATION CO.
Will mail on application, free of cost, postage prepaid, books with maps, giving reliable information of
Texas, Arkansas, and Western Louisiana. Those desiring a change to a new country, please address
J. L. HUDSON, Eastern Manager, 245 Broadway, New York, E. E. DRYAN, Sec'y, Austin, Tex.
Foreign Office: W. M. L. LANG, Pres., Leadenhall House, Leadenhall Street, London, E. C. Eng.

CLOVER.
Headquarters for CLOVER MACHINERY at South Bend, Indiana.
The Standard Clover **MONITOR JUNIOR** Over 9,000 Now
Machine is the in Use.
The largest factory in the world of its kind. The best mechanical skill. Specially Made Ma-
chinery. Air-dried Lumber; the best iron and steel; the best oak-tanned Belting, are only used in
their construction. The style of finish is unsurpassed in this class of machinery. Send for descriptive
circulars sent free. Address
BIRDSELL MANFG CO., South Bend, Ind.
MENOMONEE, WIS., March 2, 1872.
Birdsell Manufacturing Company, South Bend, Ind.
We hereby certify that we have threshed, hulled and cleaned ready for the market, with one of your Bird-
sell Clover separators, 21 bushels of seed in 1½ hours' running time; 107 in ten hours time. 67½ bush-
els in 56 days' running time, ten hours per day.
C. S. HODGINS & SONS,
Notary Public, Waukegan Co., Wis.
just-cw

ON TRIAL!
THREE MONTHS FOR 25 CTS.
THE INTER OCEAN.
To enable new subscribers to thoroughly
test the value of THE WEEKLY INTER
OCEAN, the proprietors offer it 3 MONTHS,
POSTAGE PAID, FOR 25 CENTS.
This paper has now the largest circulation
of any publication west of New York.
Postage paid on The Inter Ocean in 1880
was \$17,342.04.
It is the representative paper of the North-
west. It is thoroughly Republican, but not
foolishly partisan. It is able and honest, and is
opposed to Monopoly and Monopolists. It is
As a LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER it is
unexcelled. It is popular with the BOYS AND
GIRLS as well as their parents.
It has frequent supplements, and publishes
more Reading Matter than any other secular
weekly paper in the country. Address
• **THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago.**
Instruction thorough. Good moral and religious
influences. Expenses very low. Tuition in the
foreign language. It is able and honest, and is
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Hillsdale College.
The largest and most thorough Homeopathic Col-
lege in the world. Twenty-second year. Women
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dress, **T. S. HODGINS, M. D.,**
191-2t 1636 Wash. Ave., Chicago, Ill.
C. B. MILLS, Secretary,
Hillsdale, Mich.
HAHNEMANN
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HERCULES POWDER
— FOR —
Stamp Blasting.
Israel B. Norcross, Agent,
With T. B. Spencer, Hardware & Stoves,
212 Genesee Street, East Saginaw.
just-2w
I have the Most Perfect arrange-
ments for selling wheat for
PATRONS!
One Cent per bushel is my Com-
mission. Send for Price Cur-
rent and instructions.
GEORGE W. HILL,
80 Woodbridge St., west, Detroit.
A GOOD SAW MILL
For \$200.
Our No 1 Plantation Saw Mill is designed to be
run by 8 to 10 or 12 horse power Agricultural Engines
With this power from
1,500 to 4,000 Feet
Lumber can be cut in a day. A product 25 to 30
per cent greater than can be cut with any reciproc-
ating saw mill with the same power. The mills
are complete except saw, and will be put on the
cars in Cincinnati for the low price of \$300, and
warranted in every particular. Saw Mills of all
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By a recent invention, starch or corn sugar
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quite extensively used by confectioners,
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standard of color largely, but not being so
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As refiners of cane sugar, we are, in view
of these facts, liable to be placed in a false
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sugar pure and in the condition it leaves
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sire, sired by U. S. No. 1,185, also Arnold's S. B. 30,
sired by S. B. No. 1,137, reduced my herd in the
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100 Head of Normans arrived in August-
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The most extensive importers in America of
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One mile south of Grand Rapids, Mich.
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of finest strains. For the head of which I have
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PERFECTION
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Imported September, 1880. Winner of Sweep-
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tember, 1880, and many other
PERFECTION is a beautiful bright bay; stands
16½ hands high; weighs about 1,500 lbs, and is a
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TERMS FOR SEASON OF 1881.—Single Service, \$20;
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SPECIAL OFFER.—I will pay for foals from se-
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E. B. WARD.

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FOR SALE.
The undersigned has a choice lot of large fashion-
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are unsurpassed in breeding, being mainly of Lex-
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never ridden, except one, he never speeded.
Also three grand and richly bred stallions, Morris,
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Here is an opportunity never before offered in
the Northwest. Why go south and east and buy
weeds and culis, when you can get choicest and
best at your door. Call on the undersigned at
American Stud Book. For particulars call on or
address the undersigned at LOWELL, MICH.
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For Sale.
Bulls, heifers, calves and cows. Choice milking
strains. All Herd Book registered. Will be sold
very reasonable at private sale.
B. J. BIDWELL,
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Shorthorns For Sale
of both sexes. Cows all registered in American
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Apply to
R. L. GEDDES, Ypsilanti, Mich.
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SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.—From the
"Brookside Herd," near Ypsilanti, both bulls
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for milking and beef quality. Address
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MICHIGAN CIDER
PRESS, capacity 25 to 125 barrels per day. GRA-
TER, Elevator, Racks and Cloths, Jolly Fans, Sor-
ghum Mills, All Cider Mill supplies. Illustrated
catalogue free. Write for it.
C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich.
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Poetry.

A SPRAY OF LEAVES.

Bitter-sweet the scarlet, butter-cup's gold,
Crimson of color, purple of king—
These are the colors the autumn leaves hold,
Beautiful, dainty, wonderful things.

Leaves that in summer were sun-kissed and green
Patient through all the withering heat;
Leaves that in fall are but common and mean,
Out in the cold and under one's feet.

Are leaves so common and beauty so old,
Our hearts so tender and hearts so strong,
That promise of scarlet and blessing of gold
Should be trampled and crushed by all day long?

Promises written by God's own hand
On the wonderful book of the world's highway,
Promises read as if written in sand,
By you and me who are thoughtless to-day.

I wonder if leaves are the only things
That are green in the first place and crushed at last;
If the scarlet and purple that autumn brings
Ever quite make up for the sunshine past.

O heart! your wonder is foolish and vain,
Your thoughts and your song are all out of tune,
For, smiling on by sunshine and tanned by rain,
'Tis easy to know and keep green in June.

Only God knows how hard 'tis, when low in the dust,
To make bitter-sweet scarlet, with no ray of light;
God knows, the God who is loving and just,
And somehow or somewhere will make it all right.

DECEMBER.

Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear-drop shower,
Whether they fall as a gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart.

Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some pain must come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep,
From the rippling water to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with the bitter sting.

Upon all sorrows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be laid,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep,
From the rippling water to seething foam.

Into all hands some dust must rain,
Unto all arms some burden given,
Crushing the heart with its dreary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.

Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear message must be streaming down,
Gliding the ruins of life's great plan,
Weaving for all a golden crown.

Miscellaneous.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

By the Author of "Rose of the World," "Edged Tools," "King of the Rovers," "Roby North's Love," etc.

CHAPTER LV.—Continued.

Yes; that was the best plan she was thinking of. She stood up, very stiff and cold, and gave a last look round the desolate lawn; and just then the church-clock began to strike with the familiar half-forgotten clang from the ivied tower. The sound sent a shiver through the girl's body, and she burst into a flood of bitter tears.

"Many and many a happy hour it has struck for me, she sobbed; but it will not strike any more. I am going away. It is all I can do now. It is the one poor little sacrifice I can make for George. He has given his life; I am not ungrateful. But all I can do for him is to go away."

CHAPTER LV.

When George March knew that Lucy's visit to Lady Susan had been a pretext for leaving his home, and that she was not coming back, he spent what seemed to him then the bitterest hour of his life.

Not all his love and care for the poor child, it seemed, had been able to save her from the fate she most dreaded. The protection he had so confidently promised her was no longer in his power to bestow. She had gone out of his reach now, and her poor false, mistaken sacrifice had wrought no good to him, or to herself, or to the woman whom he had married. It had been a mistake—a terrible, cruel mistake—and life was over for them all before they had well begun to live.

The doctor communicated immediately with Lady Susan, and was immensely interested in and touched by her letters. She thought, looking at the sweet face of her young governess, and seeing the girl's indifference to the admiration of the young men who came to the Rectory, that such partly to her own energy.

"Doctor March has written to me about you, Miss Thrale," she said kindly one day. "I must take good care of you, it seems, or I shall have him coming to carry you off from me and the child's delight. It was nothing new for George to be thinking of her and taking care of her, but it seemed sweeter than ever now that she was so far away."

She wrote home very often, long and cheerful letters, telling him of her new life and the people by whom she was surrounded. They were all very kind to her, and the children were very nice; it was very quiet and home-like in the Rectory's household.

Mrs. March used to read her children's letters, and replied to them in the prettiest possible way. She gently reproached Lucy with having found Barliston a little dull, adding however that she did not blame her for seeking a change, and reminding her that she herself had always waited for her when she chose to return.

As time went on, and accounts came from Lucy—who was anxious, poor child, to paint the brightest side of her new life—to visit to the house, and of all sorts of quiet gaieties in which the little governess was expected to share, Mrs. March became more and more interested in the letters from Lady Susan, and that, if that kind lady did not very soon seek her to come and have a peep at dear Lucy, they must expect to see her take them by storm some day. Was there not an inn in the village, she inquired, where she could find shelter for a week or so?

The letters however were not shown to Lady Susan, as the writer had perhaps hinted of; and so Mrs. March's threat of invading the village of Silverdale with her army of imperials was never carried out.

It was about this time that Ada declared it to be her duty to reduce the household expenses. She smilingly warned her dear, foolish, noble George that thenceforth he must not expect too much in the way of comfort if he would persist in maintaining expected to share, Mrs. March became more and more interested in the letters from Lady Susan, and that, if that kind lady did not very soon seek her to come and have a peep at dear Lucy, they must expect to see her take them by storm some day. Was there not an inn in the village, she inquired, where she could find shelter for a week or so?

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gin and save money for you, dear, generous spendthrift, since you will not do it for yourself, sir."

Before many days, old Batters came to the Doctor's study, and told him with tears in her eyes that she was going away, and begged that her duty might be sent to Miss Lucy.

The young man's emotion was an exclamation of annoyance, and inquired if she had been dismissed by Mrs. March. But the old woman explained quietly that she was going of her own free will, and that it would be impossible to remain any longer.

"I've served enough in the old Doctor's time and in yours, sir, to keep me very comfortable," she said; "and I'm going home to my daughter's to live. But I could have wished to say good-bye to my young lady before I went away."

In answer to her husband's remonstrances, Mrs. March assured him gently that she had herself, out of consideration for him, begged the old housekeeper to remain.

"I told her that I was quite sure you would willingly continue to pay her her wages, though there was really nothing for her to do in the house. Of course one does not willingly part with a faithful servant, even when she is superannuated."

George sighed and left poor Batters go. Her old master was taken in the household by a maid who had formerly been in Miss Ludlow's service, and who, having been refused a character by her last employer—a lady of rank—had found out Mrs. March's address and applied to her for a situation.

"Puckled enough about the old girl," Ada told her husband, "and so save us the expense of a nurse. She is really quite invaluable as a maid, and will lessen my dressmaker's bill by half."

So little George was parted from his faithful Nannie as called the rosy-cheeked Susan, to whom he had been entrusted since his birth, and Tucker reigned in the nursery as well as over her mistress's toilet.

The little fellow was so winning in his budding baby graces that perhaps he suffered less from the change than poor Mrs. Ludlow.

With Lucy gone and poor old Batters dismissed, without even Susan's rosy and friendly face to look in upon her occasionally, the invalid was condemned to any solitary hours under the new regime.

Even kind Mary Throgmorton found it difficult to come and go with the old ones, now that Bess and Jack were unable to accompany her to the Doctor's house. But, for poor Letitia's sake, she persevered; and certainly Ada received her with undiminished cordiality.

Mrs. March made a point of asking after Jack each time that she met his mother, and of sending him some sisterly and cheering message. She frankly admitted her change of feeling towards Bess, whose maladroitness and interference had led to such unforeseen consequences; but she assured Mrs. Throgmorton that she should always entertain the friendliest regard for poor Jack, who had been her champion ever since she first came to Barliston.

"It is of course impossible for me to discuss dear George's action in this matter," she would add, with gentle dignity, "even with you, dear Mrs. Throgmorton. A wife may deplore her husband's errors, but she cannot sympathize with his distress. No matter how mistaken. The wisest of men are prone to jealousy, I believe, though they do consider that such an essentially feminine feeling. I hardly know whether to laugh or to sigh when I think of it all."

Mrs. Throgmorton was in no such doubt, however.

Now that Jack was practically banished from the house in the square, the foolish boy seemed to find considerable satisfaction in rendering his devotion to Mrs. March of the young lady went, young Throgmorton was sure to be seen. At church, though he shunned the family pew, he sat every Sunday within sight of her flaxen head, and never took his eyes off her during the service.

When he was in the church, he would sit of the street when he happened to meet her; he secured a seat near hers at the Town Hall, or in the little theatre, and fixed his gaze on her instead of on the performance. People began to talk about it.

When Throgmorton went into the nursery room one night, and knelt down by his bed, praying him to cease this disastrous behavior—to think of his sister—or their old friend Doctor March.

"Can I not even look at a pretty woman," the young man cried violently, "without being censured for it? I have been told, without citing the comments of the cursed little book, that George March has chosen to make himself ridiculous—that is his look-out! I am not answerable for the construction Barliston sees fit to put on the most harmless acts."

Tom Throgmorton, for his kind Mrs. March's sake, had tried to shut his eyes to a great deal that perplexed and annoyed him in the lad's conduct; but through an accident the inevitable disclosure was made of the plot in the nursery. George, of course, was first in the room, and then Mary's husband was wrought to great anger.

It happened that Doctor March, driving one day along one of the less-frequented suburban roads, had met the young Throgmorton walking together. The boy stood with his hand on the little pony-carriage in which Ada was sitting, and was bending over in the very eager conversation. The Doctor's impulse was to stop and speak to the young man, but he did not do so, as they had separated, and Jack, lifting his hat, walked back quickly in the direction of the town.

George demanded of his wife that evening when she had last seen young Throgmorton, and Ada, after a hardly perceptible pause, told him that that morning she had seen him on the road, and that he had spoken to her and complained of the ridiculous and cruel position in which he was placed by her husband and by his own family.

"Why do not I, I suppose, mind my speaking to the poor boy when we meet, dear George?" Mrs. March asked gently, as she went on with her embroidery. "I am afraid, if I cut him on all occasions so determinedly, people will begin to laugh at us all."

"I am afraid they are doing that already," said poor George sadly. "I consider that you acted injudiciously to-day in stopping to speak to a young man whom you cannot receive in your own house."

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for anything outside of her own frivolous and vain fancies? Had wifehood, motherhood, and all their tears and pangs and joys passed over her and left her untouched by their sacred influences?

The young man felt half frightened sometimes when he looked at the dainty smiling face, and listened to her silvery talk. She was the same gentle and well-bred Ada whom he remembered in the little villa in King's Road; in those days he used to think her a sensible and modest girl enough not very strong or deep, but harmless and agreeable. What glamour had been over her eyes that he had failed to see through the mask she habitually wore? What had his little lost Lucy not endured during her year of servitude; and how had she come to ruin their lives for the sake of that smiling unreal bundle of millinery upstairs?

It was after this scene that George March went and spoke to Tom Throgmorton himself about his rebellious younger brother. Poor Throgmorton declared that his tacit admission that his wife was indifferent to his wishes and practically beyond his control. It was too late, he considered, for such repairs.

"I have got some romantic notion into my head, and that he is being persecuted," said Jack, with his melancholy smile, "and my wife takes his part; and the consequence is, that as long as Jack stops in Barliston, people will find something to make mischief of. It is very true, but what can we do? I tell you, you see, they are contriving to make us all very uncomfortable."

Tom Throgmorton looked at Jack with the unhappy fellow who was doing his best to put a good face on the matter, and the boy should leave Barliston that very day.

Jack met this order with a flat refusal. In vain the poor mother tried to heal this last worst breach between father and son. Mr. March declared that he would not have his father's law done with Jack, that he would have his hands of him, that the boy was no boy of his to behave in such a blackguardly manner.

"All right, sir," cried Jack, with a laugh, springing up from the chair. "When his father told his hard words at him in his wrath. 'You shall not stay here! I will turn you out at last, and, Heaven! I'll never come back to the house again!'"

Jack pressed his mother on the forehead as she clung to his arm, and rushed away up-setting his glass in his flight. There was only his empty place left, and the great stain on the cloth. It spread and spread. Bess sat and stared at it as if she were fascinated.

Jack kept his word about not coming back to the house, but he did not leave Barliston. He got some sort of employment; he took rooms in an out-of-the-way street and refused utterly to see his mother when she came to him.

Mrs. March received the news of this fresh disturbance with a forbearing smile. "For so clever a man, dear George," she said, shaking her little flaxen head at him, "you have displayed as little tact as was possible. I hope that for my part, I should have doubted the policy of driving a man of Jack's temperament to desperation."

Poor Lucy, away in her pleasant Devonshire school-room, knew nothing of George's daily-increasing misery. Mrs. Throgmorton brought back letters from the house in the square would have broken the girl's heart if she could have heard them. Bess felt that it was useless to repeat them. It seemed as if there was no help for it, any more than that the other trouble that had fallen on them within the past few years. And how could Lucy have stayed away if she had known how little George was being gradually neglected by the overworked maid, who was compelled to leave him alone for hours, shut in with his grandmother in the old house, and pinning the sun, while Tucker and her mistress were busy at their dressingmaker's?

Doctor March was so little at home that he suspected nothing of all this, and had hardly time to notice that the child was becoming violent in his temper, and was losing his habits. A hurried visit to the nursery before he went out in the morning, a little romp of half an hour when he got home in time—this was all that the Doctor was able to see of his little son, round whom nevermore the light of his father's smile and the man's strong heart seemed to be gathering.

It was not George outgrowing his clothes, grandmother, or something? he asked one evening when he had found the little fellow playing alone in Mrs. Ludlow's room, and looking morose and neglected as to his little garments.

Poor Mrs. Ludlow flushed. The Doctor had come home earlier than usual.

"Tucker has not had time to change his frock," she said. "Ada is going out this evening, and she has had to change her dress. I will see that he is washed and dressed earlier to-morrow, George."

With a sudden pang at his heart, George lifted the little fellow and carried him down to his study. The fire was nearly gone, and the young man turned up the gas and set the boy down on the carpet to play while he got himself into his shooting-jacket and slippers.

"George shall stay with papa," he said tenderly. "Papa will buy him some toys to-morrow to play with every evening in his study."

So the seasons came and went—seed-time and rose-time and harvest, and Christmas bells ringing across the happy fields at the foot of the manor house, and where the time the winds of March came blustering and rattling about the old house in the square, Lucy had been a year away—a dull dreary year in George March's life, though he sometimes told himself that he was getting used to his wretchedness.

Lucy did not know how far she seemed now from the young man whose love still followed her with faithful kindness. He thought sometimes that it must have been some other woman who had come to meet him with her cool sweet morning face, or had drawn back the curtains of the lamp-light drawing-room to flash a bright welcome at him when he drove up at night to the door.

He did not often allow himself to think of such things; he worked harder than ever, if that were possible, devising all manner of outdoor occupations, and finding his own gleam of happiness in the hour the child now spent every evening in his study. The Doctor made home that he might secure this pleasure for himself and George. Mrs. March, not being at all likely to miss the little fellow from the nursery, George and his boy were allowed to be happy together in the room where the little empty blue chair still stood, and where deep down in a drawer of the Doctor's writing table, lay Lucy's manuscript, a flowery or two that she had worn and dropped, and the little ball of scarlet wool that she had been winding on that last sad day in the garden.

This was the young man's one delight. He was estranged from his old friends, his home was merely a place in which to eat and sleep, his wife a thought of daily increasing terror. The kind people at Groome and in Upper Brunswick Street looked on, helpless to relieve their old friend's unhappiness. For his sake they would have tried to be friendly with his wife, but Ada smilingly rejected all their advances.

During the winter which was just over, Minnie Bryer, while on a visit to a neighboring town, had made an important con-

quest, and, having married very well, was now Mrs. Solomons, with a fine house in a Birmingham suburb and carriages and smart dresses and jewels, in addition to a palid little husband with a tuft on his chin and three rings on his little finger.

Mrs. Solomons was just staying on a visit to her mother's house—not unwilling to display her *trousseau* to the friends of her girlhood, and especially to Mrs. March, with whom she renewed her old intimacy. They went about together, Mrs. Solomons declared that "dear Ada" must come and stay with her at Normanhurst, by which high-sounding title her new home was known.

"We will get up some fun together," said the wife, showing a ring of diamonds in a contented smile. "Barliston is awfully slow. I will have a houseful of people to meet you; it will be awfully jolly!"

Minnie looked, with a little good-humored contempt, round Mrs. March's carefully combed hair, and her room while she was speaking. "What a matter! The time has come to Barliston after all!" she was thinking placidly. "If Doctor March had proposed to me, I should never have met Albert or stuck to her societies and her tracts."

Doctor March saw that this renewed intimacy led to a good deal of fresh extravagance on his wife's part, and that she was not to be trusted. He was not aware that he had also been the means of bringing Ada and Jack Throgmorton together again in the most natural way in the world. Mrs. March was of opinion that it would be unadvisable to let the young man and woman avoid the young fellow when she met him at the Bryer's or at the houses of their particular friends, with whom she was now becoming very intimate; and her manner to him was invariably marked with a mixture of the most exasperated moralist could have taken no exception of it.

After a while Mr. and Mrs. Solomons went back to Birmingham, and Barliston lapsed once more into its normal dulness. The windows were open to the fresh spring breeze, the creepers on the old house were showing patches here and there of a delicate green; the bricks were glowing warmly in the setting sun; beyond the edges of the walls little twigs and tendrils showed their green against the evening sky.

His wife was not to be told, and the Doctor went into his study at once and rang for George, flinging off his hat and coat and taking up his black old pipe—his chief consolation now.

The windows were open to the narrow town garden, and George stood and looked out, as he had so often done in time that followed his marriage, when he had been so nearly contented, and when Lucy used to come along between the prim box-border and her watering-pot and her muslin gown held up.

The garden was neglected now, and full of weeds; but there too against the high brick wall the young green leaves of the ivy were shining in the evening glimmer and the elm-trees putting forth their buds. The old days came back to him, and the glad and happy suggestions and memories the pigeons were cooling and strutting and flying up to their roost; there was a pleasant little rustling of the branches in the dusk.

George forgot to light his pipe as he stood looking out and thinking—how sadly, poor fellow!—of the days and hours that were done.

A half-forgotten foolish line came into his head. "Oh, bon ton temps! J'ai bien malheureux!"—and he kept repeating it stupidly over and over again, as he had been unhappy in the days that had passed, and as he was now, he would have given all he possessed to have that old misery back again, when he had not been utterly forsaken, when he had hoped in time to conquer his futile passion and to live out his life bravely, without a man's hand on his forehead, and without the struggle, but with the reward of a calm and decent contentment gained at last.

Now what was there to look forward to? A hideous travesty of a home, a heap of ruin and velvet, of smiles and pretty speeches, and a man who seemed to him a child growing up in the child air of indifference and distrust and contempt, a hovering dread of even worse things brooding perpetually over his unhappy father.

This was what he would have to endure as long as he lived, not only while he was young and strong, and could work and put his trouble from his mind in the heat and burden of the day, but later, when the dusk of advancing years forbade him to labor any longer, and when he would have to sit alone as the old man lived, not only while he was young and strong, and could work and put his trouble from his mind in the heat and burden of the day, but later, when the dusk of advancing years forbade him to labor any longer, and when he would have to sit alone as the old man lived, not only while he was young and strong, and could work and put his trouble from his mind in the heat and burden of the day, but later, when the dusk of advancing years forbade him to labor any longer, and when he would have to sit alone as the old man lived, not only while he was young and strong, and could work and put his trouble from his mind in the heat and burden of the day, but later, when the dusk of advancing 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YOU KNOW YOU DO.

When some one's step comes up the walk,
Your cheeks take on a rosy hue,
And though no other hears his knock,
Your heart it tells you know you do!

And though it may be very wrong,
When he is quite ignored by you,
You sing to him your sweetest song,
You cannot think you know you do!

And when he talks of other girls,
Of hateful Kate, and Jennie, too,
You fling at him your auburn curls,
You jealous thing—you know you do!

He blushes deep and looks afraid,
To thus left alone with you,
But your eyes tell there's no need of aid,
But could be wooed—you know you do!

You peep at some one's "neat" curls,
Until with love you burn him through,
And make him hate all other girls—
In love for you—you know you do!

And when his arm steals round your chair,
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you didn't want it there,
But O, you do—you know you do!

You let him kiss your blushing cheeks,
Somehow your lips meet his lips, too,
You tempt him, silly thing, to speak—
You wicked girl—you know you do!

And when he timidly doth press
His happy heart to yours, and say,
With wishy heart you answer yes,
Your darling girl—you know you do!

Effects of Different Drinks.

A thoughtful looking man was observed recently in Canal street making notes in a memorandum book. He had been watching the curious locomotion of an individual who was propelling himself homeward under discouraging circumstances, being hopelessly intoxicated.

"You are an artist, perhaps," said the reporter, addressing the man with the note-book.

"No, sir; my object is a scientific one. I am collecting facts to throw light upon the internal condition of the inebriate by noting his acts when intoxicated. Patients get at present too much of the lurch treatment."

"Then you are observing this man's walk?"

"I am, sir. You know, perhaps, that when certain parts of the brain are acted upon peculiar muscular movements may be perceived. By watching these we may learn something of the nature and extent of the alcoholic influence, and give a fair guess as to the number of years the drinker has spent in seasoning himself. So, too, by analyzing a man's method of locomotion we may ascertain the probable amount, and the kind of liquor he has been taking. Do men under the influence of champagne conduct themselves as they would if they had taken brandy? Are the effects of pure and impure liquors identical? By no means."

"Would you be willing to name some of the special effects of well-known liquors?"

"Certainly; a gin drinker, for example, will resist the influence better after the first few drinks and become more helpless after he has had his quantum than the majority of drinkers of spirit. There are physiological reasons for it. He recovers easily, however, and, although he often gets sick, will, as a rule, follow his nose with considerable fidelity. The whisky drinker gets wild and excited in his cups, and often hard-headed and obstinate. His gyrations are the most eccentric of all. The peculiarity of this liquor is its cerebral power, and it is followed by a cerebral activity not always pleasurable. Whisky is popular because it 'takes right hold of a man.' He seldom falls, which we consider the intricacy of his method of walking, and when down is not apt to stay so unless he has arrived at that stage of insensibility which is a common effect of overdoes of all intoxicants. Common whisky is a bad drink on account of its large amount of amylic poison.

"The drinker of St. Croix rum does not talk so loud nor gesticulate so much as his whisky companion, and is usually more clear-headed. But he is liable to a sudden weakness in the knees, which lets him down unexpectedly. He manages for years to pick himself up; but there comes a time when he has to be hoisted up, as it were. That is the time for him to shut down. In walking, mild cases will go straight ahead for a few steps, and then suddenly dive sideways. They seldom get so wild as the whisky drinkers."

"How about the lovers of Irish whisky?"

"They take a sort of cow-path route, and in the country prove more curious pedestrians than in the city, where the houses keep them in a straight line. I knew a man living back of Cornwall who used to imbibe his Irish whisky in an adjacent village; but it was always necessary for him to wander off through two or three other villages before he could get on his home road. Consumers of that brand generally fall straight forward; sometimes, however, they go in a heap, and—so to speak—turn themselves inside out suddenly. Pat's description of the sidewalk rising and hitting him in the face does credit to the national observation in matters of science.

"In applejack the victim falls almost always upon his back. In walking he will raise on his feet as though trying to move skyward. This curious fluid is unerring in its capacity for inducing quick intoxication, and, as a sleeping dose, is more potent than rye. Its power of raising the imagination to a high degree of foolishness is well known."

"Scotch whisky develops an easy, rolling, liberal sort of gait, and victims are noted for holding long conversations with themselves. If the article is of passable quality, the user generally gets jolly and is inclined to mind his own business. He will often keep straight after the power of speech has fled. In Edinburgh they frequently stand so still on the sidewalk that a suspicious policeman will touch them in order to ascertain their condition. However gently touched, they will, if drunk, fall at full length. This is a statement I have often heard made. Drinkers of Jamaica have a tendency to topple over to the right side. They show considerable power of standing on one leg; it is the effort to put the other forward that mixes them up. It causes a species of locomotion called, I think, tanglofoot."

"Brandy drinkers are the quietest of all. But it is a killing drink on account of its dangerous adulterations. Its victims go off suddenly. Their walk is marked by eccentric sideways episodes indicative of impending paralysis. Liquors made from impure alcohols are heating, and bring the passions in full relief. Even while the victims are able to walk straight, they have a fixed, half-dazed look, as though they were poisoned—which in fact they are."

"An excess of wine makes men jolly and develops their mellow qualities. It does not often produce more than a respectable stagger, as a man will often sicken with it before it produces its full alcoholic effect. Giddiness and a loose, indifferent walk are frequent effects of the heavier wines."

"Hard cider drinkers get more bad falls than any of them, and seem to feel them the least. I have seen three or four of them go down together as though it was an understood thing, and then get up, go a few rods straight enough, and then tumble again as though shot. A beer-drinker—a heavy one—often pays more for his folly, in both ill-health and money, than any others. It is the worst possible drink to tie to as an intoxicant, and the excess of fluid bears heavily on the secretory functions. The beer walk is an awkward, cumbrous fling, reminding one of a man lame in both legs. Beer-drinkers are eccentric; I saw one today trying to arrest himself. A policeman saved him the trouble."

"Of course, the same drinks will not affect all alike. I am only giving you general effects taken from a multitude of observations. As to the solid philosophy of the matter, I have given you but little, your curiosity being apparently most strongly and unaccountably directed to the legs of the poor inebriate."

"One question more; what had the man we just saw been drinking?"

"He had, no doubt, been mixing the alcoholic with the malt. We will inquire?"

"That man?" exclaimed the saloon-keeper, on being questioned, "the one you saw go out? That's old Uncle Ben. He never misses his daily intoxication. He has discovered the quickest and most economical way of getting off. First, he calls for the biggest quantity of Scotch whisky we will sell for 15 cents; then he takes a schooner of beer, and in five minutes it's settled."—[New York Graphic.]

"Stop that Nasty Fighting?"

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, who visited the battlefield at Spottsylvania Court House, writes: The deputy sheriff, inn-keeper, and leading citizen of the settlement, Mr. Ashby, who is a kinsman of the brilliant cavalryman of that name, kindly offered to show me what was to be seen, and after breakfast he started for what he called the "Horseshoe," or, as it is more generally known, the "Bloody Angle." Driving northward on the level Brock road for less than a half mile, we wheeled abruptly into a by-way to the right and began to pass through a thicket of small pines. These evergreens, which have grown on the margin of the McCool farm since the battle, threaten to choke the narrow road. What we were going through was mere like a bridge-path than a place for wheels, but, heedless of the ends of limbs that whipped him in the eyes and brushed against the sides of the buggy, our horse dashed along, fetching us finally to a fallow field, wherein stands the McCool house. This place is one of grim fame and lasting history, for in the woods hereabout death's maw was gorged in the longest, fiercest, ghastliest hand-to-hand combat known to man. Tall oaks surround the house, which is a weather-beaten, rickety structure that clearly has been through the mills. At the time of the battle the dwelling was occupied by Farmer McCool, bachelor, with his two maiden sisters. When it grew hot and deafening all around, the family went into the cellar, and there Miss Millie, sitting by the side of her sick sister, wrote the following note:

GRANT, GENERAL, SIR—I desire that you stop this nasty fighting. There is a sick lady in the house.

MILDRED MCCOOL.

A trembling courier in the person of a black boy succeeded in delivering the note within the Union lines, but oddly enough, the battle was allowed to continue.

"And would you believe it?" Miss Millie was wont to exclaim in chats with her neighbors many a year thereafter, "and would you really believe it! the Yankee General wasn't gentleman enough to grant a lady's request."

"Shame! shame!" would come in chorus, and Miss Millie's ancient rock-

ing chair would stand still from the very amazement of the good woman between its arms. And to this day Grant is held up by Miss Millie's friends as a person who is "no gentleman." One morning, two days afterwards, it was so quiet that the occupants of the cellar concluded that the storm had swept over and Farmer McCool cautiously thrust his head up from below. A Union soldier who saw the head grabbed it and the old man ducked down, leaving his wig in possession of the laughing sharpshooters.

A Smart Dog.

The London Telegraph, in an article entitled "Trough and Fountain" says: I should not have supposed it possible that a public water-trough for canine creatures could have been used as a means of imposture, or that any dog, however humble his position in life, could become so degraded and lost to all feeling of self-respect as to make cadger's capital out of the humane provision. I am compelled to mention, however, that my watching at the fountain revealed to me such an instance. It was the more to be regretted, because the four-legged impostor had not the excuse of low parentage and vulgar breeding. It was a dog of the poodle kind, with the after part of its body shorn of its natural shagginess, with a tuft at the end of its shaven tail. Advancing years, and, I am afraid, a disposition to dissipation had given its coat a patched and ragged appearance, but it was evidently a dog that had seen better days. At the present time it was obtaining a livelihood by appealing to public charity under such glaringly false pretences that, had it been a biped and a reasoning being, would have warranted its arrest, by any officer of the mendicancy society that might have passed that way. My attention was drawn towards it at the moment when I first approached the fountain and proceeded to taste its quality. As I was raising the iron goblet to my lips, the poodle came limping to the trough, and after a brief draught it turned towards me a look of such unspeakable dejection that if it had not capped its mute supplication for a little of something to eat as well as to drink by rearing on its hinder legs and begging, I must have bestowed even my last penny on the suppliant. A penny, however, was of no use to the dog. What it wanted was a penny's worth. I took out the requisite coin and looked toward the adjacent shops for one where a biscuit might be bought, and at this point the intelligent poodle came to my assistance. At some considerable distance, but fairly in sight, there was a tripe shop, and by running a little way in that direction and barking and running a little further it told me as plainly as dog could that if I desired to invest a penny in his behalf that was the way to set about it. I accepted the suggestion, and within five minutes all that remained of the compact little bundle my money purchased was the skewer. I was not surprised to find that after the meal the poodle did not go away, but lay down in the cool at the shady side of the fountain, and curled itself up for a sleep. But what did surprise me was that, not a quarter of an hour afterwards, when a promising looking person approached for a drink, the designing villain came forward with the same limp, the same dejected, hanging lips and beseeching eyes, and begged of the new comer just as he did of me. He got nothing this time, and went and curled himself up again; but so sure as a likely chance of perpetrating an imposture arrived—it had always an eye for respectable folk, and never wasted its talent on street boys or children—the dog was up and doing, displaying its lame foot just as any other crippled cadger might, and taking a sip at the water like a dog faint with hunger, and bringing the performance to a climax, by rearing on its hind legs and begging. But as far as I had an opportunity of observing, it got no more tripe. I saw one old lady go and buy it a biscuit, and there was a working man who was at the pains to untie a parcel in a handkerchief to give it a piece of meat that I suppose was part of his own tea or supper. But it wasn't to his liking. It may have been too fat, or perhaps there was mustard on it. Anyhow, although the dog received the morsel with every manifestation of thankfulness, no sooner had the man turned his back than the fastidious rascal carried it to a scavenger's heap at the roadside and, scratching a hole, there buried it—an act that proved it to be a greedy dog as well as a dishonest, since it must have known, quite as well as I knew, and presumably a great deal better, that more than one poor cur who came to drink at the trough would have been very glad of that piece of meat, mustard or no mustard, had he been good-natured enough to have mentioned it to them. The dog did not stay much longer, I am glad to add. It made three or four further attempts at cadging, but the act produced being only a paltry half-slice of bread and butter it presently took a last look round, gaped in disgust at the meanness of mankind in general, and lazily slouched off!

A western editor appeals to his delinquent subscribers by saying: "This week we have taken in potatoes and pickles on subscription. Now, if you will bring in some vinegar for the pickles and some wood to roast the potatoes, we can live till artichokes get big enough to dig."

Wine on an Oregon Steamer.

He was a graduate of the university, and when he appeared on the deck of the Oregon steamer was indeed an impressive sight. The pale-ness of his brow delicately shaded into the faint bloom of his vast cheek, while booky learning and worldly experiences were blended in every gleam of his eye-glasses. The consciousness of his recent university honors and the cut of his abridged coat lent a powerful rigidity to his spinal column and much acuteness to the bend of his elbows. He was one of a party of several ladies and gentlemen, and when he sat down at the dinner table at the first meal outside "The Heads" he reached for a bottle of fine claret at his left, and, with a lordly air, helped the members of his party to his right with a liberal hand. "Not half bad claret this," he said, filling his glass the second time with the little remaining in the bottle. "I did not think that this confounded monopoly would have the decency to place a good brand of claret on the table."

The university man had not observed that the claret had been put on the table in response to a card handed a waiter by a quiet gentleman who sat at the left of the graduate. The quiet man saw his wine disappear in the glasses of his party to his right with a little annoyance, but without saying anything wrote another card and slipped it into the hand of the waiting servant, who soon placed another bottle of claret, with drawn cork, on the table. "Really now, this is what I call the correct thing," exclaimed the graduate enthusiastically, as he anticipated the modest movement of the quiet man, and, grasping the fresh bottle, filled the glasses of his party all around once more and his own twice. The quiet man looked somewhat more astonished, but wrote still another card and handed it to the servant. The student observed the third bottle with great interest, took it up and looked at it with joy, and then said: "Oh! I know what it all means. The captain knows who I am, and is sending this wine in consequence. Take another glass with me," and filled all glasses around once more and filled his own.

Then, noticing the empty glass of the quiet man, said patronizingly, 'My friend, won't you (hic)—won't you, seize me (hic)—won't you have a glass wine with me? Don't say no; all right my treat (hic), old fel'."

"Thank you; I don't care if I do take—one glass," responded the quiet man modestly.

It was not until the graduate lay low in his berth, overcome with the rudeness of the sea, that the steward dared to explain the formula of ordering wine at the steamer table. The graduate did not leave the state room during the rest of the trip; he remained in his berth and thought.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Members of the Cabinet as Tailors' Dummies.

A New York firm has got out a new fashion plate, in which the President and his Cabinet pass as dummies on which to hang the latest styles. The President in a dress suit makes the center figure, and looks as thousands have seen him in real life. He is shaking hands with Mr. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, who is dressed in a genteel undress suit, and looks as we have often seen him on the avenue of an afternoon. Secretary Blaine is in the left of the picture, in an impossible overcoat which would do justice to a Venner. Mr. Lincoln is way over to the right, looking for all the world like a Harvard senior just about to start for Boston to mash something, while near him is Attorney-General McVeigh with his hair parted in the middle, in a double-breasted sack, looking just too sweet for anything. There is postmaster general James, in a stylish single-breasted sack, looking like one of the Jeunesse d'oree who may be seen coming out of Chrs. Conner's in Union Square, and who can play billiards in five different languages. There is the Secretary of the Interior, dressed in a suit of clothes that would insure his being snubbed in any town of his own state of Iowa, in which faraway country the wearing of fashionable garments is considered proof positive of incipient softening of the brain. The granger secretary arrayed in such raiment would not be known by himself or his best friends. The only sitting figure is that of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Windom, who looks like a well preserved bachelor of thirty years who inherited a fortune from his grandfather, and who has never wasted the gray matter of his brain on any more important subject than polo, driving a talley-ho, or leading in the German. He is represented in the picture as if he had just dropped into the club, and, after taking an attitude, seems to say, "Just look at those pants."

The use of sawdust in mortar is recommended as superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off of rough casing under the action of storms and frost. A house, exposed to long storms on the seacoast, had pieces of mortar to be renewed each Spring, and after trying without effect a number of substances to prevent it, the owner found sawdust perfectly satisfactory. It was first thoroughly dried and sifted through an ordinary grain sieve to remove the larger particles. The mortar was made by mixing one part of cement, two of lime, two of sawdust, and five of sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand.

VARIETIES.

There is a well-known gentleman of this city who does business in Aurora, Ind. His place of business and residence are connected by telephone. He has been in the habit of returning every evening on the five o'clock train, or, when press of work detained him, of telephoning his faithful better half to that effect. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory until recently. It isn't so now, and this is the why and the wherefore:

A few days ago Head (we call him Head because that is a long way from his name) called up his wife and in a troubled tone informed her through the telephone with microphone attachments that he was absolutely overloaded with business and wouldn't be able to leave until the late train.

"Very well, dear," she replied; "come as soon as you can."

Just as he received this message, a friend sitting in the office started up and remarked: "Hello, Head, there go the Misses Blank that I promised to introduce you to."

"That's so?" said Head, "call them in; I would like to know them."

A moment later and the ladies were introduced, and the overworked Benedict was bowing and smiling and getting off neat little speeches, something like this:

"I am really delighted to meet you, ladies. It is so refreshing to have such pleasant society in our dusty, musty office. The time has been hanging so wearily on our hands, we have absolutely nothing to do."

Here the telephone bell began to jingle.

"Well, what is it?" impatiently asked Mr. Head.

There a sweet voice, in which were blended mild anger and sad reproach, softly murmured over the wire from the city thirty miles away:

"My dear, couldn't you catch that five o'clock train if you were to try?"

The unhappy young man had been talking in too close proximity to the microphone.—[Cincinnati Times.]

A TWO-AND-A-HALF-DOLLAR CHRISTIAN.

There are a great many people in their religion that remind me of "Uncle Phil," a pious old darkey of the old times in Texas. Well, Phil was a fervent Christian, with a great gift of prayer. He attended all the Saturday night prayer meetings on the neighboring plantations, and could pray louder and longer than any of the brethren. But Phil had one weakness—he dearly loved money, and, different from the negro generally, he loved to hoard it. Near by us lived a man who, not troubled about any scruples, would pay Phil a dollar to work in his field on Sundays. One Sunday night as Phil came home after dark I accosted him with:

"Where have you been, Phil?"

"Oh, just knocking about, Massa."

"You have been working for Miller?"

"Well, you see, Massa, the old fellow is in need, and he just showed me a silver dollar, and I just couldn't stand it."

"Ain't you afraid the devil will get you for breaking the Sabbath?"

Phil scratched his head a minute and said: "I guess the Lord'll beat me, Massa."

"No," he says, remembering the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Phil went off looking pretty sober, and it was not long before I heard his voice in fervent prayer back of the barn, and so I thought I would slip down near enough to hear.

"O Lord!" I heard him say, "I have this day ripped and torn, cursed and sweated at this confounded oxen of Miller's and just broke the Sabbath day. O Lord! please forgive me this time, I'll never do it again as long as I live 'cepting he give me \$2.50 a day."

At this point I was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, but I am thinking that poor Uncle Phil isn't the only \$2.50 Christian in the world.

The "Man About Town" says: I have a Bohemian friend whose newspaper office adjoins a pawnbroker's establishment. During a visit I made him the other day, he fondly alluded to the three golden balls among the other conveniences of his location. I remarked with some surprise that I thought he had reformed and cut his "uncle" dead.

"Oh, no," said he, "I cut to the victim of my old relative in my pillow, every day, but now I've turned the tables on him. I make him suffer for me."

"How?" I asked.

"You see that pawnshop next door?" he replied, "Well, I have two overcoats and two umbrellas. One umbrella and one overcoat I have at my lodgings in Brooklyn; the other umbrella and the other overcoat are up the spout next door for fifty cents."

"Well, but I don't see anything exceedingly clever in that."

"I didn't say it was clever; only convenient—That's all."

"How convenient?"

"Why, if it comes on to rain, or there is a blizzard comes down on us suddenly, I can't get caught. All I've got to do is to wake up old Moss, next door, take out my things and go home comfortable. The next day I put 'em in and get most of my money back."

"That is an idea."

"An idea! I tell you you've got to live in this world before you learn how to make yourself comfortable," said he.

LIFE IN THE OIL REGIONS.—That the oil region is a country where fortunes are made quickly is well known. The man who is begging his bread to day may be wearing a diamond in his shirt front to-morrow, and a day laborer of last week is a moneyed man of the next month. On our streets we can point to men who couldn't draw a check for ten cents six months ago. Now they can draw their check for \$10,000 and the bank wouldn't accept it. Yonder is a man who walked from Oil City as a tramp a year ago. To-day he is a porter in a hotel. Here comes a young man who borrowed ten cents of his last week to get a glass of milk. Now he wants to borrow ten cents more. He says he wants to buy a meal. He dines on liquid meals. Go to Bradford and you will see the same evidences of prosperity. A man who came into this field with the settlement began with less than \$100 is now worth as many thousands. Another, who was put in the lock-up and borrowed money to pay his fine, was arrested again last week and sent to jail. He could not borrow anything this time. Here's another man who went there with his last cent in his pocket. Last month he drew his check for \$30,000. He, too, is in jail. He signed another man's name to the check. Such are the ups and downs of oil life. Here to-day, in jail to-morrow.—[Oil City Derrick.]

YOUNG man, be happy—hooray, skip, gambol, and snap your fingers at the night-mare of a new overcoat for next winter. Last fall a Canadian genius shivered awhile, and then reflected awhile, and the result was the purchase of a box of mustard plasters. They were distributed around his frame where they would do the most good, and while men with shivering hands and white faces, he was a dollar takes you through a hard winter, and you come out in spring fat.

"By JABERS," said Patrick O'Rafferty, as he was reading about a case of suicide; "be jabers, if I ever take me own life it will be with chloroform." "Niver do the lot of that, Pat," said Mrs. O'Rafferty, "for yer families will bring it up agin ye afterward as long as ye live." "I know all that, but little I care. It's the blast way to do; for ye see ye just doze off, and ye don't even know ye are dead till ye wake up and rade it in the papers."

"That's thrue," said Mrs. O'Rafferty, solemnly, and the subject was dropped.

Chaff.

It is a sorrowful fact that the bar-rooms are more honest with their lemons than the temperance picnic.

The best political economy is running on the same ticket with a very rich man who will pull you through.

"It is only after long reflection that I got to an entertainment with any young man," said the maiden to her mirror.

A pair of scissers were found in an ox just killed in Pennsylvania, and it is feared the animal has made food of some green editor.

Worry is said to kill more people than work; but confounded laziness kills more than either, and it is a magnificent death to die.

Oscar Wilde, the new English poet, speaks of "unkissed kisses." The trouble with Oscar is that his poems are made up of unthink thoughts.

Charley—"Throw me a kiss, Mary." Mary (quite contrary)—"I shan't; if it isn't worth coming for, it isn't worth having." Charlie goes for it.

"What's the matter with little Johnnie, this morning?" "Sure, man, the boy's sick; he tumbled off wan of thin wheels without a carriage to it."

A man in England once said, speaking of a youth who had married imprudently, "Why, he didn't want a wife any more's a load was a side-pocket."

Mrs. Homesop, who had heard somebody remark upon the hunting in the English press, said she was just what her little Johnny did in hers.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant girl. "It is full on the bottom," she replied, "but there is none at all on top."

A little boy two years old, sitting at the tea-table, gazing intently at the fleecy clouds, exclaimed: "Is 'em Dod's aprons? Oh, I know! They's Dod's table cloths. He hung 'em up to dry!"

Little Lucy fell and hurt her knee badly, which her mother, when she went to bed in the dark, tried to bandage. Soon the little one was heard calling: "Mamma," said she, "this bandage is not in the right place. I fell down higher up."

"How beautiful is the language of flowers!" exclaimed Miss Postgish; "Which is your favorite flower, Mr. Smart?" "Graham," said Smart, sentimentally. Miss Postgish thinks there are some persons without a particle of sentiment in their souls.

A Cincinnati girl spent all her leisure time for three years in learning to box; and then, when she got married and wanted to fight her husband, she went at him and pulled hair and scratched the same as any other woman would. You can't make over human nature.

Blanche (to Ethel, just returned from their summer trip): "Why, how thin you look!" "Ethel: "Of course, my dear; four tolls a day and the German four times a week are not fattening. Besides, one doesn't wish to come back to society looking like a dairy-maid."

The Household.

A CHAT WITH THE HOUSEHOLDERS.

Old Boy, "come Neece!" Those whoop-pers you told about A. L. L. are choking you! I do believe you are a lineal descendant of the orthodox Father of Old Boys, and not one of those mild, "fatherly old boys" who sit peacefully in the snugest corner, twirling their thumbs, chewing their tobacco, watching the women folk and every now and then saying in an undertone: "What curus critters wimmin be!" Don't you know that a woman can no more "bake cookies and iron" in the same half hour, than a man can load manure and work at his carpenter's bench, with square and compass, jack plane and saws in the same breath. If you don't sit time you did, for no woman nor any other man can ever accomplish such feats.

What you say about E. L. Nye is also—of course. But will you be so kind if, after all, you are a kind kind of old boy, as to explain what you mean by her "being in for a long race with death."

Ugh! Skulls and cross bones! That makes her blood run curdling cold for her wish in that direction is ever has been that when her "summons" is written and despatched, it may read:—

"Let one clasp of mortality's scythe Lay her heart and hands to rest."

A. H. J., Maggie (the little brown mare) and I went over to T— on the 30th of August expressly to call on you, that we might see the realization of your dream of happiness, and talk over the days that are no more. You were not at home, and "we" returned disappointed.

Patricia, thanks for your canning programme. But my fruit comes in bulky bushels and bags full, and I can't can thusly. Besides I hate "dabs."

Aaron's Wife, I am glad to greet you home again, bringing buds for next year's blossoms. We shall most of us need to stock up anew this fall, for few of us have battled successfully with the drouth. Oh, what pathos is in all this premature death and pitiful perishing of the charms we so dearly love in Nature's vast domain!

A. L. L., will you please give the exact modus operandi by which you accomplished the marvelous feat of making and baking cookies, pies and cake, and ironing at the same time? Little Mrs. Clover nor any other woman of my acquaintance can compass it. And you ironed "fine clothes" at that. Ah, me! How could you?

What has become of Daisy and all the rest of our "family"?

R. L. NYE.

ROOTS.

"As the twig is bent the tree inclines." It is the roots, though, that furnish the sustenance even to the erratic growth of the stalk. When a fruit grower sees his trees growing out of symmetry, the first thing he does is to put a good stout stake to the opposite side from which the sapling is inclining, and ties the young tree to the stake, so that it may grow up right. Does he use an iron wire, though, to tie it back? No; but binds the stalk with cotton lest the bark be bruised, and confines it with a broad strip of cloth. The vigorous roots still give their abundant nourishment, the

stalks grows stronger, the vice is corrected. A young man in the flush and exuberance of youth, gets a leaning from strict moral uprightness, and what is done to him? Is any caution used lest you chafe his sensitive nature, and so leave an ugly scar that time only makes the larger and coarser, in your endeavors to correct the unsymmetrical development of his character? The answer is plain enough to all; parents have given the treatment to a shrub that they should a thousand fold more have given to the boy. Do you see what I am getting at? Our educators are what give our natures the bent they have, mere physical life, the machinery (roots) for our nature's growth.

A young man never "drinks" the first thing, there is always something that leads to that that comes first. Games and the associations they beget, are always a step in advance. Is a young man allowed these at home? I know the "orthodox" will hold up their hands in holy horror at such a suggestion; but facts are facts, and many of those long-faced orthodox people have buried sons in a drunkard's grave, wondering the while what could have led them astray; when the truth was, they forced them into the cold; they drove the stakes firm enough, but it was the iron wire they used.

A young head is not an old head in these matters; they can be told, but do not understand. It takes forty years of the wear and tear of life to make them practical. There is more real nature in a young man, though, than in an old one; the latter is what his "business" has made him.

Suppose, now, it was customary for young ladies and young gentlemen, sisters and brothers, to engage in these recreations, do you suppose a young man would go to a billiard hall or a card room that is full of the lower class, to amuse himself? You would be as apt to find him playing "snap-up" with a dozen lads, or "swinging on the gale" with a broguish son of Erial. The reason boys don't kiss boys is because they have something better to kiss! If a son then has a taste for some of these games, indulge him in it at home; for you may bet your life on it that if this is refused him, a less sacred place than the old family hearth stone will be his resort. Drive your "stakes" about him, but don't wire him to them, the inner life must be free to grow.

Coupled with this there is yet a higher principle, this must be cultivated, not repressed. Knowledge is always a beacon light to warn us of the shoals of moral temptation. A few dollars spent in books will give the mind a stronger taste for improvement than "strong wine" the physical desire for more of its sort. Too often our farmers and mechanics begrudge their children a few shillings spent in this way. A few more dimes invested in such securities will double credit all losses made from amusement investments, besides lessening the chances for such future investments—at least to excess. Don't keep this desire in, let the air and sunlight from the realm of learning have free access to the growing mind, it will yield of fruit more than a hundred fold when the harvest time comes.

The seed that was cast by the way-side might have been pruned of its thorns if the sower had not slept through the flush of its growing time. The "roots" were choked out by the sower's having "ten acres" too much, instead of "ten acres" enough, when the warm June rains and sunlight were shed in profusion upon the fields around. It is not always in the measure you sow that in that measure you reap, rather in the seed that is sown and the care given it till the threshers have garnered the grain; this is the measuring that nature and life returns to the sower for his toil.

Be careful, then, of the plant when it is growing; drive your stakes round about it, if so need be, but don't cord it back with a grip that an iron will know only how to wield, lest the life roots give you but a stunted dwarf of "what might have been." God made an hundred fold more sunshine than storm.

C. H. L.

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